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A N
E P I S T L E

TO HER GRACE

H E N R I E T T A,

DUTCHESS of MARLBOROUGH

AN
EPISTLE
TO HER GRACE
HENRIETTA
DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

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DUTCHESS of *MARLBOROUGH*.

By Mr. *G A T.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's-Head*, over-against
Katharine-Street in the Strand. MDCCXXII.

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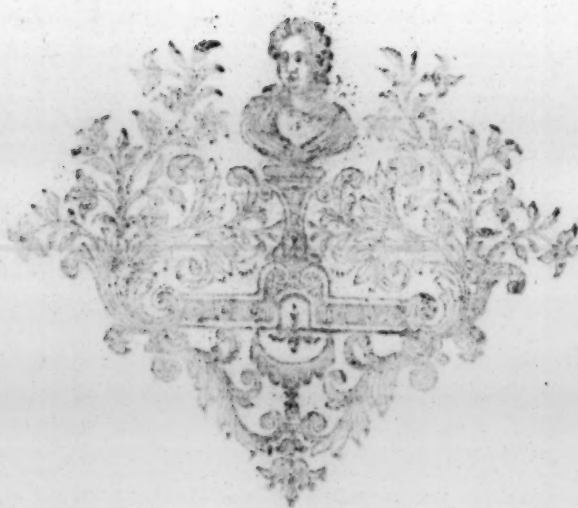
ÉPIQUE

TO HER GRACE

HENRIETTA

DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

By Mr. C. N. T.



L O N D O N :

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Shakespeare's Head, over against
Katherine's Street in the Strand. MDCCLXXII.

*Could I recite the dangerous toils he chose
To bless his Country with a free repose,
Could I recount the Labours he o'ercame
To raise his Country to the pitch of fame,
His counsils, sieges, his victorious fights
To give his Country's Laws and native rights
No father (ev'ry generous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling crown.*

E P I S. T L E

T O H E R G R A C E

H E N R I E T T A,

D U T C H E S S of M A R L B O R O U G H



**Excuse me, Madam, if amidst your
tears**

**A Muse intrudes, a Muse who feels your
cares;**

**Numbers, like Musick, can ev'n Grief controul,
And lull to peace the tumults of the soul.**

**If Partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Consider for your Loss ten thousands grieve,
Th' Affliction burthens not your heart alone;
When *Marlbro'* dy'd a Nation gave a groan:**

Think

B

Cou'd

Could I recite the dang'rous toils he chose,
~~To blefs his Country with a fixt repose,~~
 Cou'd I recount the Labours he o'ercame
 To raife his Country to the pitch of fame,
 His councils, sieges, his victorious fights,
 To save his Country's Laws and native rights,
 No father (ev'ry gen'rous heart must own)
 Has stronger fondness to his darling shown.
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
 Her Father and her Hero is no more.

Does *Britain* only pay her debt of tears?
 Yes. *Holland* sighs, and for her freedom fears.
 When *Gallia's* Monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
 Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
 She saw her frontier tow'rs in ruin lie,
 Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly;
 Then *Marlbro'* came, defeated *Gallia* fled,
 And shatter'd *Belgia* rais'd her languid head,
 In him secure, as in her strongest mound
 That keeps the raging Sea within its bound.

O *Germany*, remember *Hockstet's* plain,
 Where prostrate *Gallia* bled at every vein,

Think

Think on the rescue of th' Imperial throne,
Then think on *Marlbro's* death without a groan.

Apollo kindly whispers me, ' Be wife,

- ' How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
- ' The force of verse another theme might raise,
- ' But here the merit must transcend the praise.
- ' Hast thou, presumptuous Bard, that godlike flame
- ' Which with the Sun shall last, and *Marlbro's* fame?
- ' Then sing the Man. But who can boast this fire?
- ' Resign the task, and silently admire.

Yet, shall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raise *Homer*, call up *Virgil* from the dead.
But he requires not the strong glare of verse,
Let punctual History his deeds rehearse,
Let Truth in native purity appear,
You'll find *Achilles* and *Aeneas* there.

Is this the comfort which the *Muse* bestows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief.

Is it not barb'rous to the fighting maid
 To mention broken vows and Nymphs betray'd?
 Would you the ruin'd merchant's soul appease,
 With talk of sands and rocks and stormy seas?
 Ev'n while I strive on *Marlbro's* fame to rise
 I call up sorrow in a Daughter's eyes.

Think on the laurels that his temples shade,
 Laurels that (spite of time) shall never fade;
 Immortal Honour has enroll'd his name,
 Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to shame;
 Say, who can soar beyond his eagle flight?
 Has he not reach'd to glory's utmost height?
 What could he more, had Heaven prolong'd his date?
 All human power is limited by Fate.

Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend;
 I wake your sorrow, and again offend.
 Yet sure your goodness must forgive a crime,
 Which will be spread through ev'ry age and clime;
 Though in your life ten thousand summers roll,
 And though you compass earth from Pole to Pole,
 Where-e'er men talk of war and martial fame,
 They'll mention *Marlborough's* and *Cæsar's* name.

But

But vain are all the counsels of the Muse;
A Soul, like yours, cou'd not a tear refuse:
Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still sighs must rise and gen'rous sorrow flow;
For when from earth such matchless worth removes
A great Mind suffers. Virtue Virtue loves.

F I N I S.



But vain are all the counsels of the Mule,
 A Soul, like yours, could not a tear refuse;
 Could you your birth and filial love forego,
 Still sighs must rise and generous sorrow flow;
 For when from earth such matchless worth removes
 A great Mind suffers. Virtue Virtue loves.

F I W I S



Yet your goodness must forgive a crime,
 Which will be paid through every age and time;
 Though in your life you should be just and true,
 And yet the most of all the world you do;
 When you are dead, you will be found to be
 The most of all the world you do.